THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

——THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—*Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.*——

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER, *EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.* | SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 24, 1838. | NO. XI, OF VOL. XIX. (*NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT*, 949).

TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

1. The Western Carolinian is published every FRIDAY, at Two Dollars per annum, if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid before the expiration of three months.

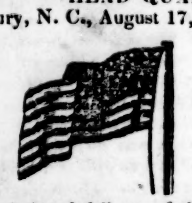
2. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the Editors; and a failure to notify the Editors of a wish to discontinue, at the end of a year, will be considered as a new engagement.

Advertisements will be conspicuously and correctly inserted, at one dollar per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court and Judicial Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent more than the above prices. A deduction of 33⅓ per cent from the regular prices will be made to yearly advertisers.

Letters addressed to the Editors, must in all cases be post paid.

MILITARY NOTICE.

HEAD QUARTERS, Salisbury, N. C., August 17, 1838.



THE Commissioned Officers of the 64th Regiment of N. C. Militia, are hereby commanded to *Parade* at the Courthouse in the town of Salisbury, on Saturday, 1st of September, at 10 o'clock, A. M., equipt for Drill and Court Martial.

By order of
R. W. LONG, Col. Com't.
J. M. BROWN, Ad'jt.
2t

GOELICKE'S SANATIVE.

THE SICK are all taking this wonderful Medicine which is astonishing Europe, and America with its mighty cures.

For Sale at the Post-Office, *Fallstown, Iredell County, N. C.*

By JNO. YOUNG, Agent.
August 17, 1838. 3m

SCULPTURING.

JOHN HOLDSHOUSER RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he is still at his old business of

STONE-CUTTING,

seven miles South of Salisbury, and about ½ a mile from the old Charleston Road, where he is prepared to accommodate those wishing work in his line. He now has on hand and for sale, a good supply of MILL-STONES, of various sizes and prices, from twenty-five to thirty dollars a pair, of the best grit and workmanship;—also WINDOW SILLS, from $2 to $2 50; DOOR-SILLS from $2 to $3; DOOR STEPS $1.50; ROUGH BUILDING ROCKS from sixty to seventy-five cents; TOMB STONES from $10 to $15; GOLD (up shaft) GRINDERS $20 a piece.

The Subscriber hopes by close attention to business, and his determination to furnish none but the best article, and on reduced terms, to merit and receive a liberal portion of public patronage.

Rowan County, April 13, 1838. 12m

Dr. Pleasant Henderson,

OFFERS his Professional Services to the Citizens of Salisbury and its vicinity. He occupies the brick office of the late Dr. Mitchel.

Salisbury, May 18, 1838. tf

FOUND, On Saturday the 4th inst., on the Stage road leading from Salisbury to Concord, one mile and a half beyond Mr. Jacob Coleman's, a small **Pocket Wallet,** containing an amount of Cash, and a receipt for Stage fare, of which the following is a copy:

August 1st, 1838.

Received of Samuel S. Hamilton twenty-one dollars, Stage fare from Abbeville C. H., S. C., to Hilton, N. Carolina."

JOHN FAGGART,
For JOHN McLAREN.

The above wallet may be had by applying to John McLain sixteen miles West of Salisbury, near the road leading from Salisbury to Wilkesboro'.

August 10th, 1838. 3t

IRON CASTINGS,

MILL WORK MACHINERY, &c. The Iron Foundery, situated at Norwick, New London county, State of Connecticut, is now in full operation and can furnish Castings of every description, of the *very best quality*, at short notice and on favorable terms.—Mill work, fitted and turned, and Machinery built to order by skilful and experienced workmen, equal to any in the United States. All orders promptly executed.

Address
J. HUNTINGTON, 2d.

☞ A list of Patterns may be seen at this Office, and copies furnished (gratis) upon application (post paid) as above. J. H.

August 3, 1838. 6t

JUST RECEIVED and for sale, wholesale or retail,

52 bags Coffee.
10 hhds. Molasses.
5 do. Sugar.
100 sacks Liverpool Salt, large sizes.
3000 lbs. Spun Cotton, assorted Nos.
10,000 lbs. Castings, ass't.
25 kegs Nails.
2000 lbs. Bar Lead.
2 bbls. best Dutch Madder.
3 bbls. Loaf Sugar.
20,000 lbs. of wagon Tire Moulds, Scollop, Rolled, Scollop, and common bar Iron,

By J. & W. MURPHY.
Salisbury, June 26, 1838.

Private Entertainment.

THOS. FOSTER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has taken the House formerly occupied by Col. Wm. F. Kelly, in the town of Mocksville, Davie county, with the view of keeping PRIVATE ENTERTAINMENT. The House is roomy and comfortable and in the business part of the village. The subscriber pledges his best exertions to render satisfaction to all who may call on him. His TABLE will at all times be supplied with the best the country affords, and his BAR stocked with the choicest Liquors. His Stables are extensive and safe, will be well supplied with good Provender, and attended by a first rate Hostler.

Mocksville, Feb. 2, 1838. tf

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

A MEETING of the Rowan & Cabarrus Temperance Societies will be held at the House of Philip Edleman on the new Concord Road, on Tuesday the 28th Instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Addresses may be expected. The friends of the cause are invited to attend.

SAM'L LEMLY, Pr. Rowan T. S.
August 10, 1838. tm

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Blackwood's Monthly Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF DUELLING.

Close to the town of H——, two gentlemen lived under the same roof of very opposite principles—the one, Mr. A. a violent radical, the other a confirmed tory, captain B. Continued discussions produced continued squabbles, and these squabbles brought on enmity and antipathy to each other.—The tory, who was a half-pay captain, and had really seen service with credit to himself, under strong provocation, challenged the radical, and, to his surprise, the challenge was accepted. The challenger, however, was not very well pleased with himself for risking the comforts and continuance of his half pay so unadvisedly. Whether it was that his nerves, not naturally weak, had during the peace been put by and oiled, together with his military weapons, and were not upon taking down quite fit for use; or whether continual thinking alone upon the disagreeable subject, had damaged them, the effect was the same; and had the feeling taken possession of an army instead of an individual, it would have been called a panic. He, at length, determined, as there were yet some hours before the dreaded meeting, to go into the town of H——, and consult a friend as to how he might best extricate himself from the affair. On his way, in a narrow part of the road close to the town, unfortunately he meets his enemy, a man of great stature, and very violent; and the road being very narrow, he is greatly put to, to know how he should pass him. But as he could not turn back without giving him the advantage, and losing that of his conference with his friend, he thought it best to look as fierce and determined as possible, and so walk by. He did so, calling up with all his effort a very terrible aspect. His big antagonist, too, must have his part of intimation to play, and therefore calls out to him as he passes, "Mind your time and place, and bring your coffin with you." The captain was the more frightened at this, and did not reach his friend's house (a tory attorney) without plainly indicating his fear by his pale face, trepidation, and whole manner. He tells his friend, with little circumlocution, the dreadful predicament he is in—mentions his recently meeting his enemy in the narrow road, and enlarges upon his atrocious blood-thirsty and cruel intentions—"Oh, sir, he bade me bring my coffin with me."—His friend first gave him a couple of glasses of wine, and then desired him to stand in his office, and assured him that he would walk to the man's residence, endeavor to see him, or hear something which might prevent mischief. And upon this errand the attorney started. He had just passed the narrow entrance to the town before mentioned, when he saw a man running very fast, who stopped a moment, and asked him, for God's sake, to tell him where he should find the doctor, for that Mr. A. was dying. That he had been taken into a cottage about a hundred yards farther on, where he remained in a very desperate condition. This very much astonished the attorney expecting, nothing less than to find the object of his mission dying in a cottage. Thither, however, he ran, and saw a most surprising sight, namely, Mr. A. seated in the middle of the room—one old woman pushing a smelling-bottle to his nose, and another throwing water in his face. After awhile he came a little to himself, but still faint and frightened to the last degree. Seeing the attorney, and feeling himself somewhat under the protection of the law, he seized his hand, and said—

"I'm very glad, indeed, you're come, sir—I'll have the law of the villain—he liveth on the blood of the country," (the poetry of fear, meaning he was an half pay officer.)

"Whom, and what," said the attorney, "do you fear or mean?"

"Why, that villain, captain B." replied Mr. A. "He wrote me a challenge—and so, as I thought he did it only to frighten me, God forgive me, I wrote and said I'd meet him. It isn't long ago he passed me going into the town, and I told him to mind time and place, and to bring his coffin with him, thinking 'twould have led to some jaw, and there would have been an end on't; but he looked at me as if he would have the heart's blood of me, and I know he's now gone to buy powder and ball for my murder; but I'll prosecute him, sir."

The lawyer told him plainly that, having accepted the challenge, he could not prosecute, but that he thought captain A. would forgive him, upon an apology being given. It *was* given—and it *was* accepted; the attorney riveted forever to him two friends, and acquired the reputation of a most able and most humane negotiator."

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Seven or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk, and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking-stick, and gazing intensely on the fairy palace of the magician, whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's, yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet and a coarse gray great coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles when we arrived at a little sequestered burial ground by the wayside, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground, and throwing it gently about ten yards, "that," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no grave stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living—and," continued he, with a sigh, "may I also find their love. It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He drooped his head upon his breast for a few moments, and was silent, and, hastily raising his fore-finger to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then turning to me, he continued: "You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighborhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her forever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered, I knew not, and I cared not, whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitations to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death.—There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank Fate! I was present when the Scots Grey, flying to our aid, raised the electric shout, Scotland forever."—"Scotland forever!" returned our tartaned clansmen; 'Scotland forever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and 'Scotland forever!' re-echoed 'Victory!' "Heavens!" added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushing back upon his soul, "to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibrations of a pendulum!"

In a few moments the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued, "I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—nothing of my mother—nothing of her I love."

While he was yet speaking, the grave-digger, with a pick-axe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—he rushed towards the spot.

"Man!" he exclaimed in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa' wi' ye," said the grave-digger, starting back at his manner; "what na a way is that to gliff a body!—are ye daft?"

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand; "whose grave—whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye are surely out o' your head—it's an auld body that ca'd Adam Campbell's grave—now are you ony thing the wiser for spierin?"

"My father!" cried my comrade as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across the table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed, inquiringly, "My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother!—O my, my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me! Look at me—I am your own son—your own Willie—have you, too, forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother—his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other, he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funeral, and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell with a sad and anxious heart, made enquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already discribed, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He approached along the passage—he heard a voice in an apartment on his right—again he knocked but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group was standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister commencing the marriage service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily and inquired, "What do ye want, Sir?" but instantly recognising his feature, he seized him by the breast and, in a voice half-choked with passion, continued—"Sorrow be'e ye for a scoundrel! what's brought ye here—an' the mair especially at a time like this? Get out o' my house. Sir, I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house an' never darken my door again wi' your d—d well contenanced—"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridemaid.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; "since matters are thus I will only stop to say farewell—for auld lang syne—you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not—she moved not—he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love, and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say FAREWELL, but at present I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see, for oh, Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love, as the farmer trusts to seed-time and to harvest, and is not disappointed. Oh! Jeanie, woman! this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow! But ye maun be anither's now—farewell!—farewell!!"

No! no!—my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the agony of stupefaction, "my hand is still free, and my heart has been yours—save, Willie! save me!" and she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old gray coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath to the astonished company, the richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time, dropped his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell!—or what are ye?—will you explain yourself?!"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy, middle aged man without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth. Badly as our military honors are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell of his Majesty's —— regiment of infantry, to whom long years before she had given her young heart.

A Royal Example.—A noble Lord, not particularly remarkable for his observance of holy ordinances arrived at Windsor not a month ago, late one Saturday night. "I have brought down for your majesty's inspection" he said, "some papers of importance, but as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your majesty with them to-night—but request your attention to them to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning" repeated the Queen, "to-morrow is Sunday, my Lord!"—"But business of state, please your Majesty!"—"Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen, "and as of course you could not come down earlier to night, I will, if those papers are of such vital importance attend to them after we come from church to-morrow morning.

To church went the Royal party—to church went the Noble Lord—and, much to his surprise, the sermon was on "the duties of the Sabbath." "How did your Lordship like the sermon?" inquired the young Queen. "Very much, your Majesty," replied the nobleman, with the best grace he could. "I will not conceal from you," said the Queen, "that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be the better for it." The day passed without a single word "on the subject of the papers of importance"—"which must be gone into at length."

His Lordship was—as he always is—graceful entertaining—and at night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw, "To morrow morning, my Lord," she said, "at any hour you please—early as seven if you like—we will go into these papers." His Lordship could not think of intruding at so early an hour on her Majesty—nine would be time enough." "As they are of importance, my Lord, I would have attended to them earlier—but at nine be it." And at nine her majesty was seated ready to receive the nobleman, who had been taught a lesson on the the duties of the Sabbath, it is to be hoped, he will not quickly forget.—*London Court Journal.*

AGRICULTURAL.

THE HORSE.

The following extract from *Lawrence's Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses*, contains a good general description of the external figure, grounded, as he observes, on the just principles of theory, and confirmed by experience.

The head of a horse should be void of flesh, and for length and size appear to hold fair proportion with the size of his body; his eye full, and somewhat prominent; eye-lids thin and dry; ears thin, narrow, erect, of midling length, and not distant from each other; forehead flat, not too large or square and running nearly in a straight line to the muzzle, which should be small and fine; nostrils capacious; lips thin; mouth of sufficient depth, and the tongue not too large; the jaw-bones wide at top, where they join the neck; the head not abruptly affixed to the extremity of the neck, but with a moderate curve and tapering of the latter.

The neck must be of moderate, not too great length, nor too thick and gross on the upper part, nor too large and deep, but rising from the withers or forehand, and afterwards declining and tapering at the extremity, it will form somewhat of an arch; underneath, the neck should be straight from the chest, and by no means conxex or bellying out.

The shoulders capacious, and of large extent, so as to appear the most conspicuous part of the body but without being loaded with flesh; they should fairly to the top of the withers, which should be well raised; the chest should be sufficiently wide, not narrow or pinched.

The body deep and substantial; back, a plane of good width, but handsomely rounded; back-bone, straight, or with a trifling inclination, and not too short; loins wide, and the muscles of the reins, or fillets, full and swelling on each side of the back-bone; the space sufficient between the ribs and hip-bones, the bones themselves round, and the buttocks deep and oval; the rump level with, or not too much elevated above, the height of the withers; the croup must have reasonable space, and not sink too suddenly, in which case, the tail would be set on too low, which ought to be nearly on a level with the back.

The hinder quarters should spread to a wider extent than the fore-parts, and the hind-feet stand farther asunder than those before; the thighs should be straight, large, muscular, and of considerable length; the hock wide and clean; the shank not too long but flat, and of sufficient substance, its sinew large and distinct, the fet-locks long; the hocks should form an angle of such extent as to place the feet immediately under the flanks. The fore-arms, like the thighs, should be large, muscular, and of good length, the elbows not turning outwards; the knees large and lean; the shank or cannon bone, flat, strong, and not too long; the tendon large; the fore-arm and shank must form nearly a straight line; fetlock-joints large and clean; pasterns inclining to a certain degree, not too long, but large in proportion to their length; the coronary rings not thick or swelled, but clean, dry, and hairy; the feet neither too high nor too flat, and of size apparently a sufficient base for the wieght they have to sustain; hoofs, of color dark and shining, without seams or wrinkles, tough and strong, not hard like oak; foot internally concave, sole hard, but not shrunk, heels wide, and of middling height; frog not too large or fleshy, but tough and sound; the feet of equal size, should stand exactly parallel, so that the front or toe incline neither inward nor outward; the fore-feet should stand perpendicular to the chest, not too much under it, and they should be less wide apart that the fore-arms; the legs should not be loaded with hair.

Agricultural Memoranda.—The juice of carrots, added to cream in Winter, will give the butter made therefrom, the flavor and appearance of that made in Summer.—[Feeding the cows with carrots is better.]

A table spoonful of unslacked lime, given to Horses, regularly with their water or food, for 3 or 4 days, night and morning, will completely expel the Bots.

Water in which Potatoes have been boiled, it is said, will protect cabbages, turnips and vines, from the ravages of flies and bugs.

It is a safe maxim, that grain *should never be sown* but when the ground is *laid down* to grass, or ploughed *from it.*

It is remarked by Sir John Sinclair, that neither wheat or rye straw should be given to *Mules*, as it disagrees with them, and will render them unfit for labour.

To insure a good supply of manure for the ensuing year, profit of every favourable opportunity to draw the bog and swamp earth into the Barn Yard.

MORAL DEPARTMENT.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

It is now nine o'clock at night of Monday, the fourteenth of September, and I have four pages of this number to write by nine o'clock to-morrow morning. In my number for the twenty-sixth of August, I concluded an article on composition with saying, that I intended to avail myself of the comparative solitude of the present month, to pay special attention to my state, both for my own ease, and to see the result as to my facility in writing. I have done no such thing; but thinking my temptations would be fewer, I have been more off my guard than usual, and have deteriorated instead of improving. The consequence is, I write with difficulty, and what would have been perfectly easy to me, if I had followed up my resolution, is now an irksome task; but I rejoice at it nevertheless, because it makes me feel more strongly the expediency of discipline, and I hope by this time next week to have made a regular progress. Self-discipline is the most important occupation of man, and ought to be the never-ceasing object of his attention. There can be no spectacle so noble as a human being under perfect self-control—self-control not only in abstaining from what is wrong, but in pursuing what is right. In such a state alone is to be found perfect freedom. Every other is more or less a state of servitude to indolence or ill-directed energy. Till this morning, when necessity compelled me, I could not bring myself to put pen to paper for this week's number, and the consequence was, that during the previous days I was a slave to irresolution, which irresolution was produced by inattention to diet and too much sleep. Self-discipline is the regulation of the present with a view to the future; but unfortunately the temptations of the present generally prevail against advantages which are not present, and we content ourselves with deferring the execution of our resolves from occasion to occasion throughout our lives. It seems to me as if the first thing we ought to attend to was our physical state, or bodily health, and that every thing else would follow almost as a matter of course. I mean that sound state, which is equally removed from debility and feverish excitement, and the attainment of which implies the exercise of many virtues, while it is favorable to the development of many more. It is the character of the Christian religion to inculcate the practice of self-discipline to a much greater extent than was ever thought of before, and the Christian religion is constantly represented by its earliest teachers as holding out perfect freedom to its disciples. It appears to me certain that the practice of its precepts is calculated to ensure the greatest quantity of happiness here, as well as hereafter, because, whilst it permits every rational enjoyment, it imposes restraint only in those things which are injurious. An individual who acted up to the rules of Christianity, could not but enjoy existence in the highest perfection of which it is capable. But a degree of perseverance is necessary, to which few can bring themselves. It is not by violent efforts that a proper state can be attained, for they are never lasting. It is not by plunging into extremes that we can ensure our well-being, for they defeat every object of living; but it is by a steady, temperate course, with a constant check upon ourselves even at the thought of evil. When we have gone wrong, we must get right by degrees, so as to acquire a new habit as we reform. A violent resolution is only made to be broken. A sudden start from the wrong to the right road, is followed by as sudden a start back again. It is necessary also in self-discipline, in order to make it effective and permanent, that it should be extended to all our actions and habits. It is the whole man that must be reformed, or there is no safety. There must be no reserves, no compromises, no granting ourselves, as it were, a lease of certain irregularities, with a determination to quit them at the expiration of a term. We must begin from the present, and go steadily on, watching ourselves unceasingly, making our aberrations daily less and less, and securing every advance by all the precautions in our power. We must never be too sure, which is the almost certain fore-runner of a relapse, but must distrust our strength on every occasion of temptation, either of commission or omission. It shall be my endeavor to practice somewhat of all I preach; and, indeed, I feel to a certain extent the beneficial influence of turning my thoughts to the subject I have treated of in this paper. I shall set to work in earnest in carrying that resolve into execution which I have mentioned at the beginning of this article.

"To cure us of our immoderate love of gain, we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best,—and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and that the worst.—An ancient Philosopher of Athens where the property of the wealthy was open to the confiscations of the informer, consoled himself for the loss of his fortune by the following reflection: 'I have lost my money, and with it my cares.' How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood although we appear indeed, to be more occupied with things that are present, yet, even that is too often absorbed in vain determinations to be vastly happy on some future day *when we* have time."

"The greatest friend of truth, is Time:—her *greatest enemy*, is Prejudice."

"A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not *how to fear*, who dares to die."

"Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little than outliving a great deal."

Grasshoppers.—The attention of the public was excited on Thursday last, at about the hour of noon, by the disappearance of the grasshoppers (supposed to be) which have been so abundant during the present season. Immense myriads of them apparently from the size of a bee down, were to be seen floating in the beams of the sun, their wings glittering like spangles, and extending as far as the eye could reach in height and extent wherever the sunbeams would render them visible, and around which they appeared to play. The birds seemed to hover about them, and here and there would catch a straggler, and some of them would seem to to come down as low as the house tops. This may be quite a familiar occurrence to naturalists, but we have never before known it to attract so much observation.—*Fredericsburg Herald.*

Extract from Incidents of travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.—By the author of Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land. New York: J. & J. Harper & Co.

Mr. Dwight and I landed at the foot of the Seven Towers, and few things in this ancient city interested me more than my walk around its walls.—We followed them the whole extent on the land side, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. They consist of a triple range, with five gates, the principal of which is the Cannon Gate, through which Mohammed II made his triumphal entry into the Christian city. They have not been repaired since the city fell into the hands of the Turks, and are the same walls which procured for it the proud name of the "well defended city." To a great extent, they are the same walls which the first Constantine built, and the last Constantine died in defending. Time has laid his ruining hand upon them, and they are every where weak and decaying, and would fall at once before the thunder of modern war. The moat and fosse have alike lost their warlike character, and bloom and blossom with the vine and fig-tree. Beyond, hardly less interesting than the venerable walls, and extending as far as the eye can reach, is one continued burying-ground, with thousands and tens of thousands of turbaned headstones, shaded by thick groves of the mourning cypress. Opposite the Damascus Gate is an elevated enclosure, disconnected from all around, containing five headstones in a row, over the bodies of Ali Pacha, the rebel chief of Yanina, and his four sons. The fatal mark of death by the bow-string is conspicuous on the tombs, as a warning to rebels that they cannot escape the sure vengeance of the Porte. It was towards the sunset of a beautiful evening, and all Stamboul was out among the tombs. At dark we reached the Golden Horn. We crossed over in a caique, and in a few minutes were in Pera.

The next day I took a caique at Tophano, and went up to the ship yards at the head of the Golden Horn to visit Mr. Rhodes, to whom I had a letter from a friend in Smyrna. Mr. Rhodes is a native of Long Island, but from his boyhood a resident of this city, and I take great pleasure in saying that he is an honor to the State and country. The reader will remember that some years ago, Mr. Eckford, one of our most prominent citizens, under a pressure of public and domestic calamities, left his native city. He sailed from New York in a beautiful corvette, its destination unknown, and came to anchor under the walls of the seraglio in the harbor of Constantinople. The sultan saw her, admired her, and bought her; and I saw her "riding like a thing of life" on the waters of the Golden Horn, a model of beauty.

The fame of his skill, and the beautiful specimen he carried out with him, recommended Mr. Eckford to the Sultan as a fit instrument to build up the character of the Ottoman Navy; and afterward, when his full value became known, the Sultan remarked of him, that America must be a great nation if she could spare from her service such a man. Had he lived, even in the decline of life, he would have made for himself a reputation in that distant quarter of the globe equal to that he had left behind him, and doubtless would have reaped the attendant pecuniary reward. Mr. Rhodes went out as Mr. Eckford's foreman, and on his death the task of completing his employer's work devolved on him It could not have fallen upon a better man. From a journeyman shipbuilder, all at once Mr. Rhodes found himself brought into close relations with the Seraskier Pacha, the Reis Effendi, the Grand Vizier, and the Sultan himself; but his good sense never deserted him. He was then preparing for the launch of the great ship; the longest, as he said, and he knew the dimensions of every ship that floated in the world.

I accompanied him over the ship and through the yards, and it was with no small degree of interest that I viewed a townsman, an entire stranger in the country, by his skill alone, standing at the head of the great naval establishment of the Sultan. He was dressed in a blue roundabout jacket, without whiskers or mustache; and, except that he wore the tarbouch, was thorough American in his appearance and manners, while his dragoman was constantly by his side, communicating his orders to hundreds of mustached Turks, and, in the same breath, he was talking with me of ship-builders of New York, and people and things most familiar in our native city. Mr. Rhodes knows and cares but little for things that do not immediately concern him; his whole thoughts are of his business, and in that he possesses an ambition and industry worthy of all praise. As an instance of his discretion, particularly proper in the service of that suspicious and despotic Government, I may mention that, while standing near the ship and remarking a piece of cloth stretched across her stern, I asked him her name, and he told me he did not know; that it was painted on her stern, and his dragoman knew, but he had never looked under, that he might not be able to answer when asked. I have seldom met a countryman abroad with whom I was more pleased, and at parting he put himself on a pinnacle in my estimation, by telling me that if I came to the yard the next day at one, I would see the Sultan. There was no man living whom I had a greater curiosity to see. At twelve o'clock I was at the yard, but the Sultan did not come. I went again, and his highness had come two hours before the time; had accompanied Mr. Rhodes over the ship, and left the yard less than five minutes before my arrival; his caique was still lying at the dock, his attendants were carrying trays of refreshments to a shooting-ground in the rear, and two black eunuchs belonging to the seraglio, handsomely dressed in long black cloaks of fine pelisse cloth, with gold-headed canes, and rings on their fingers, were still lingering about the ship, their effeminate faces and musical voices at once betraying their neutral character.

The next was the day of the launch; and early in the morning, in the suite of Commodore Porter, I went on board on old steamer provided by the Sultan expressly for the use of Mr. Rhodes' American friends. The waters of the Golden Horn were already covered; thousands of caiques, with their high sharp points, were cutting through it, or resting like gulls upon its surface; and there were ships with the still proud banner of the crescent, and strangers with the flags of every nation of Christendom, and sail-boats, long-boats, row-boats, ambassadors' barges, and caiques of effendis, beys, and pachas with red silk flags streaming in the wind, while countless thousands were assembled on the banks to behold the extraordinary spectacle of an American ship, the largest in the world, launched in the harbor of old Stamboul. The Sultan was then living at his beautiful palace at Sweet Waters, and was obliged to pass by our boat; he had made a great affair of the launch; had invited all the diplomatic corps, and, through the Reis Effendi, particularly requested the presence of Commodore Porter; had stationed his harem on the opposite side of the river, and, as I saw, prepared for himself, near the ship, a tent of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold. I expected to see him appear in all the pomp and splendor of the greatest potentate on earth. I had already seen enough to convince me that the day of Eastern magnificence had gone by, or that the gorgeous scenes which my imagination had always connected with the East had never existed; but still I could not divest myself of the lingering idea of the power and splendor of the Sultan.

His commanding style to his own subjects: "I command you, ——, my slave, that you bring the head of ——, my slave, and lay it at my feet;" and then his lofty tone with the foreign powers: "I, who am, by the infinite grace of the great, just, and all powerful Creator, and the abundance of the miracles of the chief of his prophets, emperor of powerful emperors; refuge of sovereigns; distributor of crowns to the kings of the earth; keeper of the two very holy cities (Mecca and Medina;) governor of the holy city of Jerusalem; master of Europe, Asia, and Africa, conquered with our victorious sword and our terrible lance; lord of two seas (Black and White;) of Damascus; the odor of Paradise; of Bagdad, the seat of the califs; of the fortresses of Belgrade, Agra, and a multitude of countries, isles, straits, people, generations, and of so many victorious armies who repose under the shade of our Sublime Porte. I, in short, who am the shadow of God upon earth." I was rolling these things through my mind when a murmur, "The Sultan is coming," turned me to the side of the boat, and one view dispelled all my gorgeous fancies. There was no style, no state; a citizen king, a republican president, or a democratic governor, could not have made a more unpretending appearance than did this "shadow of God upon earth." He was seated in the botton of a plain caique, dressed in the military frock coat, and red tarbouch, with his long black beard, the only mark of a Turk about him, and he moved slowly along the vacant space cleared for his passage, boats with the flags of every nation, and thousands of caiques falling back, and the eyes of the immense multitude earnestly fixed upon him, but without any shouts or acclamations; and when he landed at the little dock, and his great officers bowed to the dust before him, he looked the plainest, mildest, kindest man among them. I had wished to see him as a wholesale murderer, who had more blood upon his hands than any man living; who had slaughtered the Janissaries, drenched the plains of Greece, to say nothing of bastinadoes, impalements, cutting off heads, and tying up in sacks, which are taking place every moment; but I will not believe that Sultan Mahmoud finds any pleasure in shedding blood. Dire necessity, or, as he himself would say, fate has ever been driving him on. I look upon him as one of the most interesting characters upon earth; as the creature of circumstances, made bloody and cruel by the necessity of his position. I look at his past life, and at that which is yet in store for him, through all the stormy scenes he is to pass until he completes his unhappy destiny; the last of a powerful and once-dreaded race, bearded by those who once crouched at the footstool of his ancestors, goaded by rebellious vassals, conscious that he is going a downward road, and yet unable to resist the impulse that drives him on. Like the strong man encompassed with a net, he finds no avenue of escape, and cannot break through it.

The Seraskier Pacha and other public officers escorted him to his tent, and now all the interest which I had taken in the Sultan was transferred to Mr. Rhodes. He had great anxiety about the launch, and many difficulties to contend with; first, in the Turks' jealousy of a stranger, which obliged him to keep constantly on the watch, lest some of the ropes should be cut or fastenings knocked away; and he had another Turkish prejudice to struggle against—the day had been fixed twice before, but the astronomers found an unfortunate conjunction of the stars, and it was postponed, and even then the stars were unpropitious; but Mr. Rhodes insisted that the work had gone so far that it could not be stopped.

And besides these, he had another greater difficulty, in his ignorance of their language. With more than a thousand men under him, all his orders had to pass through interpreters; and often, too, the most prompt action was necessary, and the least mistake might prove fatal. Fortunately, he was protected from treachery by the kindness of Mr. Churchill and Dr. Zohrab, one of whom stood on the bow and the other in the stern of the ship, and through whom every order was transmitted in Turkish. Probably none there felt the same interest that we did; for the flags of the barbarian and every nation in Christendom were waving around us, and at that distance from home the enterprise of a single citizen enlisted the warmest feelings of every American. We watched the ship with as keen an interest as if our own honor and success in life depended upon her movements. For a long time she remained perfectly quiet. At length she moved, slowly and almost imperceptibly; and then, as if conscious that the eyes of an immense multitude were on her, and that the honor of a distant nation was, in some measure, at stake, she marched proudly to the water, plunged in with a force that almost buried her, and raising like a huge leviathan, parted the foaming waves with her bow, and rode triumphantly upon them. Even Musselman indifference was disturbed; all petty jealousies were hushed; the whole immense mass was roused into admiration; loud and long-continued shouts of applause rose with one accord from Turks and Christians, and the Sultan was so transported that he jumped up and clapped his hands like a school-boy.

Mr. Rhodes' triumph was complete. The Sultan called him to his tent, and with his own hands fixed on the lappel of his coat a gold medal set in diamonds, representing the launching of a ship. Mr. Rhodes has attained among strangers the mark of every honorable man's ambition, the head of his profession. He has put upon the water what Commodore Porter calls the finest ship that ever floated, and has a right to be proud of his position and prospects under the "shade of the Sublime Porte." The Sultan wishes to confer upon him the title of chief naval constructor, and to furnish him with a house and a caique with four oars. In compliment to his Highness, who detests a hat, Mr. Rhodes wears the tarbouch; but he declines all offices and honors, and any thing that may tend to fix him as a Turkish subject, and looks to return and enjoy in his own country and among his own people the fruits of his honorable labors. If the good wishes of a friend can avail him, he will soon return to our city, rich with the profits of untiring industry, and an honorable testimony to his countrymen of the success of American skill and enterprise abroad.

From the Charleston Patriot, August 11.

By the United States steamer Poinsett, Captain Peck, arrived this forenoon from Black Creek, we have received the Jacksonville Courier of the 9th instant, from which we copy the following:

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE INDIAN MURDERS IN GEORGIA.

The following is an extract from a letter to the editor, giving further particulars of the late Indian murders in Georgia, an account of which appeared in our paper of Thursday last:

"Fort Gilliland, (E. F.) July 13, 1838.

Sir: The Express has just arrived from Little Creek, and it appears that the Indians are commencing their career in Georgia. I have received a letter from an officer of our regiment, who was an eye-witness to this melancholy fact."

[EXTRACT.]

"Camp Wilds, July 31, 1838.

"Forty-five miles northwest of Centreville, on Sunday morning, a man came full speed into camp, with the cry of Indians. I asked where. He said about five miles off; that he had just removed a family who heard the report of guns, and the screams of people. We were on our saddles in a few moments, and under full speed to the spot where the alarm originated; and oh God! of all the scenes I ever saw, or wish to see, presented itself to view. On reaching the ground, a man, wife, and four of his own, and two of his sister's children, had fallen by the Indians. Three children of the six were alive when we reached the spot. One about three years old had been shot through the abdomen, and lay asleep on the dead mother; another about ten rods from the mother. But oh, horrid to tell! I found a fine young lady of eighteen shot in two places, and dirked in another, with about twenty hogs around her, and she yet alive, and had her senses perfectly. This was the most trying time I had ever seen. I gave her cold water, which she wished much, and remained with her as long as I could, till obliged to go in search of the Indians. We left a guard to protect them, and administer to them all that they could, but all expired in less than twenty minutes after we left. The Indians scattered in all directions, and it was some time before we could find the trail; we followed them about 25 miles, and until further pursuit could not be had, having then gone into the Okafanoka as far as white man could well go. We left our horses and waded nearly to our hips in mud for two miles, which was as much as we could stand. We returned that night, found all buried, 8 in number, in one grave. We returned to camp, then camp ——, but now Camp Wilds, that being the name of the murdered family. Two children escaped; one of them says that a white man was with the Indians, and caught him and asked him why he did not run; the boy told him he would if he would let him go, which the man did, and said, '*Now, damn you, run,*' and so he escaped. On our return we found all the families had been removed to our encampment.

"We are making arrangements to scour the country about Fort Fanning and its vicinity. In haste, the express awaiting.

"With respect, your obedient servant,

N. DARLING,
Lieut. 2d Dragoons.

"To the Editor of the Courier."

The late fire at Hudson.—The Albany Evening Journal of Wednesday, contains the following further intelligence of this most distressing conflagration:

The flames were blown by a fresh north-west wind over the hill into the city, and raged with such fury as to render the efforts of the firemen unavailing.

The fire swept through in a south-easterly direction to the South Bay, where every house was consumed. It then extended up the hill towards the old Presbyterian Church, doing great damage.

Two extensive lumber yards, one belonging to Mr. Reed, and the other to Mr. Hudson, were entirely consumed.

The large fire-proof stores and ware-houses, near the docks, are not injured; nor did we learn that the Whale Company had suffered materially. Apprehending the destruction of their ware-houses, the oil was rolled on the dock, but was safe.

Two Engines with about sixty firemen, went promptly from Catskill to the aid of their fellow-citizens of Hudson.

The flames were distinctly seen many miles up and down the river. We were at Kingston at 7, P. M., where the illumination was alarmingly sublime.

In passing Hudson at 2 o'clock this morning, in the Steamboat Rochester, we are informed that sixty buildings were consumed, and that the loss was estimated at $200,000. This is a sad blow for Hudson.

Distressing Circumstance.—The coroner was on Thursday called to view the body of an infant aged nine weeks, the child of Mrs. Caroline Kebler, residing on the corner of Church and Warren streets. The facts concerning the death of this infant are extremely distressing, and must serve as a caution to mothers in future. It appears that Mrs. K., who is a *mute*, and who has been married about a year, went to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, on Wednesday, to see some of her old playmates, taking the child with her. On her return, she got out of the cars at Walker street, and walked home, with the child in her arms. As she could not of course hear, she was in constant anxiety lest something should run against her and injure the infant, so she pressed it close to her bosom and went on at a rapid pace, turning her head either way almost every instant to see if any thing was coming. On reaching home, her agony may be better imagined than described, when on laying the child down, she found it a lifeless corpse. In her anxiety to shield it from harm, she had pressed it too closely to her bosom, and being unable to hear its cries, if any were uttered, the hapless innocent was smothered. A female who was in company with her, testified to these facts before a Coroner's jury, who returned a verdict in accordance with the above circumstances.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

Locked Jaw.—A remedy has been discovered for this dreadful affection. It is nothing but the application of strong lye made from wood ashes. The part injured should be bathed in the lye frequently; and if it be in a part of the body that cannot be conveniently immersed, apply flannels, wetted with the lye. It affords speedy relief and gradual cure. This is a simple remedy, but it is worth remembering and trying. The simplest are often the most efficient agents. Many cures are said to be wrought by this.—*Southern Churchman.*

From the Baltimore American of August 11.

VIOLENT TORNADO AND LOSS OF LIFE.

The thunder storm which passed over this city on Saturday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, was accompanied by a copious shower of rain, and also by a violent gust or tornado which occasioned the loss of several lives, besides doing injury in various places. The principal damage was sustained on Donnell's wharf, at the lower end of Thames street. At this wharf was lying the Bremen ship Sophia, just arrived with a large number of German emigrants. A number of these were making active preparations for their departure for the West, and when the rain came on, about forty or fifty took shelter in an adjacent large unfinished warehouse. The house not being yet under roof; the violence of the rain caused all but nine persons to seek refuge in the adjoining house. They had scarcely quitted the warehouse when the wind blew with furious violence, and in a moment prostrated the building to the ground, burying eight persons under the ruins. Of the latter number five immediately succeeded in extricating themselves, though not without being considerably injured. Two others, a man and a young woman about nineteen years of age, were soon dug out dreadfully bruised and quite dead. A colored man, a carter, was standing in the building, but seeing his horse restive at the sound of the thunder, he ran towards him, but was caught by the falling wall, and had both his legs badly broken, and his face and head severely cut.

The ninth person in the house was Joseph Holt, a bricklayer, who had been engaged on the building. He was in the third story, and when the house fell, he was thrown head foremost into a large heap of mortar. Although to this circumstance may be attributed the preservation of his life, we regret to say it is feared his eyesight is irretrievably ruined by the lime.

The warehouse was owned by Messrs. Donnell and Lurman. It was 100 feet long by 40 wide, and three stories high. The workmen commenced the roof on Saturday, and had laid but three rows of slate. Its destruction was complete, the tornado scarcely leaving one brick upon another. Some of the lumber was carried to the distance of 300 feet.

We learn that two small bay vessels were capsized at the same time near Fort McHenry. The hands on board of one escaped; but a small boy was crushed to death between some lumber. In the cabin of the other vessel were a man and two boys, who were taken out uninjured, shortly after the squall, by cutting a hole in the bottom of the vessel.

A part of the roof of the Philadelphia railroad bridge, at Canton, was blown off, and also the roof of the steam saw mill at Harris's Creek. At the depot at Canton, the walls of the car house, which was burnt a few weeks ago, were blown down, and some other trifling damage sustained.

Several sheds were unroofed at the ship yard of Messrs. Cooper and Abrahams.

A part of the roof of a warehouse on Ramsay's wharf was blown off.

The ship General Smith, lying at Corner's wharf, broke from her moorings, and was blown so violently against the wharf that she stove in a portion of her bow and carried away a part of her bulwarks.

Mr. Shaw, the keeper of the Lazaretto, who was returning home at the time of the squall, was, together with his horse and carryall, blown over a fence and bruised considerably.

A part of the wall and roof of the large fish storing houses on the south side of the basin was blown off.

We take the following *jeu d'esprit* from the Boston Post, as not inapt to the times. We ought to mention that the Ourang was sold at Auction for $1,000.—*Washington Chronicle.*

A Serious Question.—The debate in the Abolition Society, on Monday evening, was very animated. The daring proposition was made that the Ourang Outang advertised to be sold by Mr. Tyler, the actioneer, on the following day, should be rescued, as the slaves were from under the nose of the honorable Chief Justice, last summer. It was clearly proved that Ourang was an ornament to human society—a being highly endowed with intellectual power, and as capable of appreciating and enjoying the blessings of freedom as Geo. Thompson himself. The ladies present appeared to take a deep interest in several anecdotes related by one of the speakers, of the affectionate nature of this absurd portion of the "*human family.*" One of them (Henry Fitzgerald Augustus Outang) fell in love with a white lady, and finding his advances rejected, actually died of a broken heart, but no word of complaint or reproach was ever heard from his lips. Another (Orlando Montgomery Outang) seeing a pretty girl standing at her father's door seized her, and bore her to his "lofty home in a forest tree," where he watched her, and fed her with cocoa nuts, for three weeks, when his captive escaped, and returned to her father's house unharmed. Several other interesting facts connected with this "deeply injured race" were related in the course of the evening. The propositions to *rescue* before the sale, however, was finally rejected—it being thought more consistent with the principles of the society to restore Mr. Outang to liberty after the purchaser had paid his money for him, and by that means a suffering *fellow creature* would not only be relieved from the hands of a hard-hearted master, but the master be punished for his sin in dealing in Outang flesh by being robbed of his property. What the final result will be, time can only determine. OUTANG IS YET IN CHAINS!!!

Phenomenon on Lake Superior.—Very great alarm begins to be excited on account of the continual rise of the waters of Lake Superior. Whole farms, it is said, have been submerged, and wharves and streets rendered useless. Since 1835, the rise has been from three and a half to four feet. An old and intelligent inhabitant of Cleveland declares that he has seen the level of the water seven feet lower than it now is. The pier at Monroe, when completed, was six feet out of water; it is now nearly immersed. A writer in the Toledo Gazette surmises that a large river, which has hitherto discharged itself to Hudson's Bay, has been, from year to year, impeded in its course by the accumulation of drift wood, stumps, &c., similar to that of the great raft of Red river, till, finally, it has become completely dammed, and has cut out for itself a new channel, in some one of the great tributaries of Lake Superior. This theory is believed to have been derived from the fur traders; but come from what source it may, the phenomenon demands the attention of our geologists and other men of science.—*New Era.*

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY:

Friday Evening, AUGUST 24, 1838.

ELECTION RETURNS.

The following additional returns have been received since our last.

MECKLENBURG CO.

Governor. Branch, ... 979
" Dudley, ... 781
Senate. S. Fox.
Commons. G. W. Caldwell, J. Hutchison, and C. Erwin. (all adm.)

BURKE CO.

Governor. Dudley, ... 1,324
" Branch, ... 278
Commons. E. P. Miller, E. J. Erwin, and Wm. M. Carson. (all whigs.)

BURKE AND YANCEY.

Senate. —— Baker. (adm.)

YANCEY.

Commons. Blalock. (whig.)

RUTHERFORD.

Senate. J. McD. Carson.
Commons. W. J. T. Miller, J. H. Bodford, and Wm. E. Mills. (whig.)

LINCOLN.

Governor. Branch, ... 1,540
" Dudley, ... 634
Senate. M. Reinhardt.
Commons. Michael Hoke, John Killian, O. W. Holland, and Wesley W. Monday. (all adm.)

HAYWOOD.

Commons. Joseph Keener, (whig.)

MACON.

Commons. Jacob Siler, (doubtful.)

BUNCOMBE SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

Senate. Hodge Rabun.

Mr. McDuffie.—Mr. Townes of Marion, Alabama, has recently addressed a letter to Mr. McDuffie, desiring him to give his opinion on the financial questions that now agitate the public mind, that is: a National Bank, and the Sub-Treasury plan. Mr. McDuffie has answered him at considerable length, and in a manner so clear, and dispassionate, and with so much good sense that we are sure all parties will read his letter with pleasure. We shall present it to our readers in our next paper, not having received it in time for this week. The letter is published in the Marion "Herald."

Mr. McDuffie is now on his way to Europe.

Gen. SCOTT has contracted with John Ross to remove the balance of the Cherokees. He has agreed to allow him $300,000, for defraying the expense of emigration.

We find in the last Columbia "Times and Gazette" an invitation by the State Rights Party of Richland to the citizens of that, and the adjoining District, to attend a Barbecue Dinner to be given in Columbia on the 8th of September, to the Hon. H. F. Elmore, their Representative in Congress, and to their Senators the Hon. John C. Calhoun and the Hon. Wm. C. Preston,—the other members of Congress are also invited. The Committee in their invitation say: "they desire it to be understood that they firmly resist the union of Bank and State,—are the advocates of an Independent Treasury, and rigid economy in public expenditures; and opposed to the establishment of a National Bank. To furnish an opportunity to discuss these principles, and to do honor to their guests, the Dinner is proposed to be given."

GOLDEN PROSPECTS.

Parker's Mine.—We have seen within a few days past, several persons from Parkers' Gold mine,—twenty-eight miles below this place in Montgomery County, from whom we learn that the miners are now enjoying a golden harvest at that deposite. *A new place* has recently been discovered which is yielding large amounts of the precious metal. There are now 150 or 160 hands at work on the ground, and all doing profitable business. The new deposite is situated in Mr. Parker's cornfield, near the House; and the gold is found in the surface of the earth, which is removed to the nearest stream, and washed. Some very handsome pieces have been found, one weighing 3*lbs.*, another 2*lbs.* 6oz., and from this, down to the size of coarse particles. The work is still going on with success.

Barringer's Mine.—We also learn that Mr. Barringer, and his Son, have recently made a new discovery at the "Barringer Mine." It is on the old vein which heretofore has yielded such amounts of gold, but, on the side of the small stream opposite to the former workings. The gold in this vein is always found in what the miners call "nests," we hope this new discovery will prove to be a rich *nest of golden eggs.*

Reid's Mine.—During the whole of the past Summer, the miners have been doing profitable business at the old Reid Mine. They have found no "twenty-eight pound" pieces lately, but, they have found some considerable "lumps," and no small quantity in fine gold. The present operations are at a new place, not until recently known to contain gold. This mine has been the most productive of any yet discovered in North Carolina, and what is remarkable, the precious metal continues to be as abundant, as it was years ago. We have no doubt, but that it will continue to be worked with profit for years to come.

Alabama Elections.—The elections in Alabama have taken place; we have received the returns from but a few counties,—in different sections of the State however,—from Mobile, some of the middle counties, and some in the Northern part of the State; the result in these was favorable to the advocates of the Sub-Treasury, by a considerable majority.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.—Nearly all the Banks North of this have resumed Specie payments, those of Pennsylvania, Maryland, the District of Columbia, and others further East,—also most of the Virginia Banks.

The South Carolina Banks have fixed on the 1st September, for resumption.

The Augusta Bank, and others of Georgia on the 1st September also.

The Savannah Banks, on the 1st October.

The Ohio Banks at a Convention held, resolved to resume on the 13th, this month.

Crops.—From every quarter we have the most unfavorable accounts of the crops. A general drougth for some time past, together with the excessive, and unusual heat has completely withered the anticipated abundance of the husbandman. In the South, and South-West, the corn crops are cut off, and cotton is generally very bad. In the West, and North-West, the prospects are equally unpromising. And to the North, and Eastward the corn is in many places entirely burnt up.

The Tobacco crops of Maryland are said to be unusually bad.

☞ By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen that every man in the Salisbury district, subject to military duty, is commanded to parade at the Court House on next Friday, "equipt as the laws directs for Company muster." We have been requested to call attention to the notice, and in doing so, take the opportunity to make a remark, or two.

Salisbury has been for some time subjected to the reproach of not having within her limits a single organized military corps, a state of things which does not exist, perhaps, in one Town in a thousand of the same population in the country. Certainly the young gentlemen of the present day, inherit little of the "martial spirit" of their fathers, and are no admirers of the "glorious pomp, and circumstance" of military display, or they would have voluntarily stepped forward before in this matter. It is clearly right that the spirit should be kept alive, and not permitted to die away, because there is no immediate prospect of there being a call for service; at least the credit of old Salisbury is but poorly maintained, when she is unable to boast a single band either for defence, or honor.

We have heard some propositions for the formation of a Volunteer corps, though we are uninformed whether any progress, or even a beginning has been made in the matter. One thing is certain, that in any event those liable will have to do military duty, and it only remains with them to choose whether they will be enrolled in the common militia, or form a Company themselves.

Steam Navigation.—A late Philadelphia paper contains an interesting article: "The Prospectus of the London, Liverpool, and Philadelphia Navigation Company." From this we understand that the Company has already been established in London with a capital of £250,000,—which is equal to about $1,200,000. One third of the shares are to be taken in Philadelphia, the balance in London, Liverpool, Cork, and Belfast.—Such arrangements are to be made as will secure to the American stock-holders, a due influence in the management of the Company's affairs.

IMPORTANT FROM MAINE.

The Bangor Whig brings the following important information from Maine, relative to the running of the boundary line. "We understand," says the Whig, "that the executive government of the State is taking measures to have every thing in readiness to run the N. E. boundary line, according to the treaty of '83, on the first of next month. We suppose the course taken will be to appoint commissioners to proceed to run the line. If they meet with no resistance from the provincial authorities, well and good; if they do, measures will be taken to protect the commissioners by a competent military force. Already the attention of the adjutant general has been invited to the subject."

ITEMS OF INTELLIGENCE.

The Crops.—The continued intense hot weather and the absence of rain, have, together, almost annihilated the hopes of the Planter. In Lowndes and Monroe counties the corn is almost burnt up, and on some plantations very little will ever come to perfection. The Cotton in some parts looks well, particularly in the prairies, but the growth of the weed, where we have seen it, is not as rank as usual in ordinary seasons. The yield on the average, this year, will be far behind that of former ones, and we can only hope that prices will advance in the same ratio to the smallness of the crops. In the counties west and south of us, we learn from a gentleman who has just been travelling through them, the crops are worse than ours.—*Southern (Miss.) Argus.*

A company formed at Paris for exploring the ruins of Carthage has already met with great success. A large house has been discovered on the margin of the sea, near Bourj-Jedid. Paintings in frescoe, similar to those at Pompeil, adorn many of the rooms, and beautiful mosaics,—representing men, women, and nymphs, fishes of various kinds, tigers, gazelles, &c., have been found. Fifteen cases, with these precious relics, have arrived at Toulon, and will be brought to Paris.

A letter from Alexandria, of the 17th June, states that a fire had broken out at Cairo on the 23d, and consumed upwards of 600 houses. The quarter inhabited by the Franks had been almost entirely destroyed. The anxiety of the inhabitants to save themselves and remove their property was indescribable. Several important manufactories were destroyed. The calamity had given rise to the most lamentable excesses, not alone of the Arabs, but of the soldiers, who were sent to give asistance and preserve order.

Insanity.—M. Briere de Boisemout makes the following estimate of the proportion of insane persons in different parts of the world. In London, 1 lunatic or idiot in every 300 persons; in Paris, 1 in 222; in St. Petersburg, 1 in 3133; in Naples, 1 in 729; in Rome, 1 in 418; in Milan, 1 in 242; in Turin, 1 in 434; Florence, 1 in 338; in Madrid, 1 in 3,350; in Dresden, 1 in 406; and in Cairo, 1 in 30,714.

Steam Packets.—It is mentioned in one of the New York papers upon good authority, that measures are already in contemplation, which if carried out fully, will in 1840, give the following arrangement for steam packets from that port: Monday, for London; Tuesday, for Havre; Wednesday, for Bristol; Thursday for Liverpool; Friday, for Glasgow; Saturday, for Dublin.

More Fires.—The alarm of fire, which is now of almost daily occurrence in our city, was again raised about half past nine o'clock last evening, and found to proceed from the premises known as the Bulford Place, on the corner of Union and Water streets, the same which but a short time previous was threatened with destruction. A quantity of hay and straw in a shed in the rear of the main building, had been fired by the hand of an incendiary, but fortunately by timely discovery the flames were extinguished without farther damage.

Still another.—The cry of fire was again sounded a few minutes past 8 o'clock this morning, and before the firemen and citizens, who promptly rallied, could reach the scene of conflagration, a large barn on the corner of Hamilton and Collis streets, in Brewsterville, owned by James Brewster, Esq., was enveloped in flames. The barn, and a small quantity of hay which it contained, were entirely consumed. No insurance. A small building adjoining, occupied as a school house by Mr. Wm. H. Russell, and a large barn directly opposite were considerably injured. There is no doubt that this fire also was the work of design.—*New Haven Herald.*

Great Fire in the Pines.—The Burlington, N. J., Herald of Thursday says:—"Calamities thicken upon us. Fires have broken out in the pines, and the extreme dry weather favors their rapid enlargement. For one week they have raged, commencing on the Martha Furnace tract and sweeping over various sections of pine land and cedar swamp. While on Long Beach last week, we could see this destroying element at the distance of many miles, casting a light as though a city were in flame. Owners of timber lands are busily employed firing against the consuming enemy. It is the greatest calamity of the kind ever known.—From the neighborhood of Tuckerton to Barr's Mill, the country had been over-run at last accounts. One hundred thousand dollars would not cover the damages already incurred."

No Joy for Mr. Lovejoy.—It has been stated that Mr. Lovejoy, of Georgia, one of the passengers saved in the late catastrophe of the Pulaski, was also on board of the Home and the Wm. Gibbons—three of the most appalling situations of danger ever recorded.

It is now stated that while the canal packet was proceeding from Buffalo to Rochester, and when near Brockport by some untoward accident the boat upset. It was an early hour in the morning, and the passengers were all "on the shelves" and all thrown into the water, where they lay pell-mell. The only means for making their escape was by breaking the upper side windows, and drawing up the passengers one by one. This was done, and all escaped personal injury. One of the passengers was Mr. Lovejoy.

Those persons who are compelled to travel by water would do well to examine the way-bill in future, in order to see if Mr. Lovejoy's name is on it.

Sixteen Patriot Prisoners Sentenced to Death.—In defiance of the Earl of Durham's amnesty, the court at Toronto have sentenced 16 of the prisoners, whose trial has just terminated there, to capital punishment. Four are Americans, and the others subjects of the Queen. The Americans are Linius Wilson Milson (lately a law student in Chautauque county, in this State,) Geo. Cooley, Norman Mallory, and Wm. Reynolds, to be hung with the others on August 25th. Among the British subjects is Alex. McLeod.—*Evening Star.*

Expedition to the Far West.—We understand that the 1st Regiment of Dragoons will go ont early in the Spring to explore the country along the Eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, to make treaties of amity with the Indian Tribes, and to ascertain if the hunters of the Hudson's Bay Company have, as is reported, invaded American ground by hunting on the East of the Rocky Mountains.—*People's Advocate.*

Longevity.—It is a remarkable circumstance that the Russian empire exhibits more instances of longevity than any other country in the world. A recent return gives the number of those who died above one hundred years as 3,173 in the course of four years; above one hundred and five years, 1,064; above one hundred and ten years, 558; above one hundred and fifteen years, 326; above one hundred and twenty years, 211; above one hundred and twenty-five years, 80; above one hundred and forty years, 10; and above one hundred and fifty years, 1; making a grand total in four years of persons aged one hundred and upwards of 5,470.

Importation of Ready Made Houses.—The Yankees "beat all natur." They are now exporting ready-made houses to the far-west. We shall have a new item on our custom house tariff. Memorandum: Per steam ship Down East arrived at Kaskaskia, twenty-four houses with frame works, marble mantels, chimneys, &c., complete, per invoice $24,00.

The following, in practical illustration of the anticipated commerce, is from the Pekin (Illinois) Telegraph, July 21st. It is too good to be lost.—*N. Y. Star.*

Novel Importation.—The being furnished with a comfortable and convenient dwelling, is among the first and prominent wants of the emigrant.

But this object is now easily attained. A resident in the country, with all the advantage of acquaintance, encounters great difficulty and delay in building, from the scarcity of materials and labor; a stranger, of course, is subjected to far greater inconveniences. It would seem, however, that some of our eastern friends(whom we welcome most heartily to this land of promise) are determined not to submit to this slow vexatious process, and have hit upon an expedient, of the practicability of which we will not venture to predict.

We saw last week in the warehouse of J. W. Casey, the various parts of a house, packed in distinct parcels, and shipped from the East, via New Orleans to this place, owned by one of the members of the enterprising colony of Delevan in this county. All the materials were prepared for being put together, which would finish and complete the house. The floors, &c., were already painted; and nothing was wanting but the shingling of the roof, and the lathing and plastering.

To what extent the importing of houses may be found advantageous we know not, but the experiment is well enough.

Mexico.—M. Martinez, the present Minister from Mexico, who has for some time been waiting at New Orleans for orders on the subject of our differences with that Republic, has, it is stated, at last received them, and will immediately proceed to Washington for the purpose of concluding the necessary arrangements for submitting all matters in dispute to a mediator, who, it is supposed, will be the King of Prussia.—*Courier & Enquirer.*

Cigar Race.—This variety of sporting may be new to some of our readers. The conditions are, the rider starts with a lighted cigar in his mouth, continues to smoke it during the race, and comes in with it lighted; much of course depends on the goodness of the cigar, but still more the tact of the smoker. If he does not ride fast enough he loses the race that way; if he rides too fast, the air may either blow it out, or cause it to burn so fiercely that it will be entirely consumed before he reaches the winning-post. The latest cigar race on record was ran in December last, at Kingston, Jamaica, mile heats. Time the first heat, two minutes ten seconds; the second heat, two minutes twelve seconds. Climate and other circumstances considered, it must, in every sense of the expression, have been a smoking race.

Branch Mints and Silver Change.—We have been under the belief, and have so expressed ourselves, that the bill to establish the North Carolina and Georgia Branch Mints to coin silver change, had passed the House of Representatives, and had become a law of the land; but we find this to be a mistake. The bill was not acted on in the House of Representatives, but was one of the many which remained untouched in the mass of unfinished business. We greatly regret this circumstance, as that bill is one of those which belongs to the system of measures for supplying the whole Union with silver change, and for preventing, in all future time, all pretext for another resort to shinplasters. The value of the bill would be immense, as it would supply that quarter of the Union, which has the least change, of being supplied from the mints of Philadelphia and New Orleans, where alone silver is now coined.—*Globe.*

Melancholy and Singular Occurrence.—On Thursday last, during a thunder-storm, the house of Gardner Furness, Esq., of Dromore township, in this county, was struck with lightning. A large locust tree in front of the house was first struck—thence the lightning proceeded to another tree of the like description, standing near, and thence, by means of a branch that overhung the roof, was communicated to the house, passed through the roof, shivered the cornish and studding, then passed to the chimney, tearing away every thing before it, and then to the kitchen. His daughter, granddaughter, and a small boy, were sitting in the door, and an old gentleman on a bench in the porch near the door. They were all stunned—though not, happily, injured. The lightning passed close by them—within a few feet—and then descended into the cellar, where a hired woman, named Mary Devonshire, was employed. She was instantly killed. All efforts proved ineffectual to restore life. There were no marks of violence, except a partial issue of blood through the nose. We consider this, although, as one of the most singular accidents that has happened for a long time. Mr. Furness says, that he attributes the occurrence to the limb which overhung the roof—and believes that peculiar care should be taken by others to guard against a similar catastrophe. The lightning-rod of the house was in good order.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

OBITUARY.

DIED.

In Davie county, on the 8th inst., Miss PARTHENY LOWERY, daughter of Mr. Dabney Lowery. She died in the bloom of youth, leaving behind fond parents and relatives to mourn her loss, who are yet solaced by the well grounded hope of her having passed to a better world.—*Communicated.*

In Davie county, on the 21st instant, Capt. GEORGE ROSE, of a lingering disease—aged 70 years. He lived and died an honest man and good Christian. His loss will long be remembered by his friends and neighbors.

In Erie, on Friday last, the 3d inst., of Congestive fever, Mr. JAMES H. CRUDUP, of the firm of Hopkins, Crudup & Co., and formerly of North Carolina.

Near Greensborough, Alabama, on Saturday evening the 4th inst., of Scarlet fever, Miss JANE PEARSON, formerly of North Carolina.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF WILMINGTON.

ARRIVED,

August 13—Schooner Atlantic County, Tilton, from Philadelphia, to C. C. Stow.

CLEARED,

August 14—Brig Alexander, Haynes, for Berbice, by Dickinson & Morris.

PORT OF FAYETTEVILLE.

ARRIVED,

August 12, Waddill's boat Lady of the Lake, with goods for Foster & Clemmons, J. & W. Murphy, J. B. Troy, Stockton & Huggins, J. Conrad, W. Foster, of the interior; and J. R. & D. Gee, C. T. Haigh, C. P. Mallett, Phœnix Factory, E. J. Lilly, B. Beach, and David Shaw of this place.

☞ **FOR SALE,** very cheap, a first-rate *Ledger* and *Day-Book.* Apply at this Office.
August 24, 1838.

THE undersigned, thankful for past favors in his line of business, (Receiving and Forwarding,) gives notice that he still continues at his old stand, and has made such preparation as is necessary.—He hopes, by assiduity and attention to give general satisfaction.

He will receive and forwad cotton as usual according to direction.

To farmers and merchants who are desirous of shipping their cotton to N. York or Charleston he will make liberal advances.

FELIX LONG.
Cheraw, August 24, 1838. 6t

NEW WATCHES, JEWELLERY AND CUTLERY.

JOHN C. PALMER has just returned from Philadelphia, with a very

Fine Assortment

of the above articles, of an entirely new fashion. A large assortment of

Superior RAZORS and KNIVES.

He can safely say that his assortment is superior to any in the western part of the State.—Call and see.

☞ Watches and Clocks repaired as usual, and warranted for twelve months.
Salisbury, Nov. 3, 1837. tf

NEW FASHIONS

For Spring and Summer of '38.

HORACE H. BEARD, Tailor,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he still carries on the TAILORING BUSINESS at his old stand on main street, next door to the Apothecary Store. He is ever ready to execute the orders of his customers in a style and manner not surpassed by any workman in the western part of the State. He is in the regular receipt of the latest London and New-York FASHIONS, and prepared to accommodate the tastes of the fashionable at all times.

☞ Cutting garments of all kinds attended to promptly; and the latest Fashions furnished at all times to country tailors, and instructions given in cutting. [Salisbury, Jan. 1, 1838.

A CAMP MEETING will be held at South River Church, in Rowan county; to commence on the 31st. day of August. JNO. W. LEWIS.
July 20, 1838. tm

PROSPECTUS,

OF THE

FARMERS' ADVOCATE,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS REPORTER.

Agriculture, Literature, Science, the Mechanical Arts, Virtue and Religion; the Country's Stay, and Nation's wealth.

Notwithstanding the extensive variety of newspapers and periodicals, published throughout the country, and the diversity of subjects therein embraced, it is obvious to every rational and reflecting mind, that the conductors of those *powerful*, and if rightly guided, those *salutary*, vehicles of information, have been too generally actuated by party motives; and that political contests have been carried to such an alarming extent, as to threaten the dissolution of our *noble* institutions; while subjects relating to AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, and the MECHANICAL ARTS; those subjects immediately connected with our best interests, and which would eventually place us in an independent situation, have measurably remained unnoticed.

Actuated therefore by these views, the subscriber intends publishing in JAMESTOWN, N. C., a periodical, under and comporting with the above title; in the execution of which, he designs in the first place, to use all laudable exertions in procuring and disseminating practical information, essential to the interests, and calculated to increase the dignity of the FARMER.

Second.—EDUCATION, and the Literary Institutions of the country, will find in his columns, a warm and friendly support.

Third.—SCIENCE, and the MECHANICAL ARTS, will also be subjects of discussion, and invariably receive a liberal share of attention.

Fourth.—Due attention will be paid to subjects calculated to promote the cause of VIRTUE and RELIGION.

Fifth.—A brief notice will also be taken of passing events, of an important and interesting nature, both Foreign and Domestic; excluding all *Political* contests and subjects calculated to create *party* animosity.

In short, no pains will be spared, to render the ADVOCATE a *valuable* and *interesting* visiter in every family, and to every virtuous and intelligent class of the community.

In order, therefore, the more effectually to prosecute our purpose, we respectfully solicit the friendly aid of every intelligent *Farming, Mechanical, Literary* and *Scientific* gentleman, who may have talent and inclination to communicate to us such discoveries and practical hints, on subjects within our province, as may enrich our columns, and by a reciprocal interchange of thoughts, become a valuable source of information.—Communications, also, on subjects either *Religious*, or *Moral*, will be thankfully received.

TERMS:

The ADVOCATE, will be published in semi-monthly numbers, consisting of sixteen octavo pages, [one sheet,] neatly printed, on good paper, folded and stitched, and promptly mailed to subscribers; making, in a year, a neat volume of 384 pages, and furnished with the title page and index, at $1,25 per year, in advance.

Any person by furwarding $10, free from charge, will be entitled to ten copies.

In consequence of the difficulties and losses, inevitably attending the collection of small sums, at a distance; no order for the paper will be attended to, until the subscription price is forwarded, or the payment secured by some known responsible person.

All *letters, communications,* &c., to the publisher, to come free from postage, or they cannot be attended to.

All persons holding subscriptions, are requested to forward them as early as possible.

Editors favorable to our designs, and those who may feel disposed to exchange with us, will do us a favor by giving our prospectus an insertion.

JOHN SHERWOOD.
Jamestown, N. C., June, 1838.

MILITARY NOTICE.

ALL persons belonging to the Salisbury Beat, subject to Military duty, are commanded to Parade at the Court-house in the Town of Salisbury on Friday the 31st inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M., equipt as the law directs, for company muster. By order

R. W. LONG, Col. Com't.
J. M. BROWN, Ad'jt.
Salisbury, August 17, 1838. 2t

SCULPTURING.

THE Subscriber wishes to inform his customers and the public generally, that he still carries on the **Stone Cutting Business,** and is ever ready to execute, in a very superior manner, all descriptions of work in his line.

Gold-Grinders, Mill-Stones, Window and Door-sills, Door-steps and *Tomb-stones,* are executed in a very rare style. His grit for Mill-Stones is very good.— Mr. Philips also begs to inform the public that he can execute Engravings of various kinds—He will Engrave marble-slabs neatly, and granite tomb-stones can be well executed if desired. His charges shall always be reasonable, and as accommodating as possible.

Persons wishing to have work done in the above line, will do well to call at the residence of Mr. Philips, seven miles south of Salisbury.

ENOCH E. PHILLIPS.
August 24, 1838. tf

THE MARKETS.

AT SALISBURY.....August 17, 1838.

	cents		cents
Bacon,	12½	Molasses,	55 a 60
Brandy, apple,	65 a 70	Nails,	9 a 10
(scarce) peach,	85 a 90	Oats,	25 a 30
Butter,	10 a 12½	Pork,	600 a 700
Cotton, in seed,	a 2½	Sugar, brown,	11 a 12
clean,	7 a 8	loaf,	18 a 20
Coffee,	15 a 18	Salt,	150
Corn,	a 50	Tallow,	10 a 12½
Feathers,	35 a 37½	Tobacco,	8 a 20
Flour,	500 a 700	Wheat, (bushel)	100 a 115
Flaxseed,	75	Whiskey,	45 a 50
Linseed Oil, pr. gal.	$1 12½	Eggs pr. doz.	7 a 8

AT FAYETTEVILLE....August 22, 1838.

Bacon,	11 a 12½	Iron,	5½ a 6
Brandy, peach,	85 a 90	Molasses,	35 a 42
apple,	80	Nails, cut,	7½
Beeswax,	23	Sugar, brown,	7 a 11
Coffee,	12½ a 13½	lump,	16
Cotton,	8 a 9	loaf,	18 a 20
Corn,	80 a	Salt,	70 a 75
Flaxseed,	75	Wheat, new,	125
Flour,	87 a 88	Whiskey,	48
Feathers	40	Wool,	20 a 25

AT CHERAW,.....August 22, 1838.

Bacon, lb.	11 a 12½	Nails, cut,	7½ a 9
Butter,	12 a 25	wrought,	16 a 18
Beeswax,	20 a 22	Oats,	40 a 50
Coffee,	12½ a 15	Rice,	450 a 500
Cotton,	10 a 10½	Sugar,	10 a 12½
Corn,	75 a 87½	Salt,	200 a 300
Flour, country,	650 a 750	Steel, American,	10 a 12½
Iron,	5 a 6½	English,	60 a 14
Lard,	11½ a 12½	German,	12 a 14
Leather, sole,	22 a 25	Tallow,	10 a 12½
Molasses,	37 a 50	Tea,	100 a 137
Orleans,	45 a 56	Tobacco, mu'fd.	10 a 50

POETIC RECESS.

"MUSIC YET REMAINS UNSUNG."

THE STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Where all must go:
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,
Mid sullen silence, downward sweep,
With moanless flow.

I saw where at that dreary flood,
A smiling infant prattling stood,
Whose hour was come;
Untaught of ill, it near'd the tide,
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died,
Like going home.

Follow'd with languid eye anon,
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;
And there alone
He gazed upon the leaden stream,
And fear'd to plunge—I heard a scream,
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength
Came bustling on, till there at length
He saw life's bound;
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer
Too late—his shriek of wild despair
The waters drown'd.

Next stood upon that surgeless shore
A being bow'd with many a score
Of toilsome years.
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turn'd his dimming eye, and sank,
Ah! full of tears.

How bitter must thy waters be,
On Death! How hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die!
I mused—when to that stream again,
Another child of mortal man
With smiles drew nigh.

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said—
"To me, O Death! thou hast no dread—
Saviour, I come!
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—
I see —ye waters, bear me o'er!"
There is my home!"

SCRAPS.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But perhaps none of this blue devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after wringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson having been sent for one morning in great haste by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed. "How do I do?" replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man." "Dead!" replied the doctor. "Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful note, "Yes, the poor man is dead enough; 'tis all over with him; and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was about to take, he called to the servant: "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C——m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size; for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered around him, and howled not a little while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far, before they were met by one of the town people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah, doctor, what poor soul have you got there?"

"Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago." replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same questions, "and what poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed," said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"Oh, villian!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the old questain again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?"

"Poor Mr. B——," he replied, "is gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which had been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "O you villian! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well, I have come back again, to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying consternation of many of the spectators, at sight of a corpse, in all the horrors of the winding sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson; freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, generous wine, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

Poetical Superscriptions.—A letter passed through the Boston Post Office the other day, on which was the following superscription:

"To Baltimore city, Baltimore street,
Let thy onward course be fleet,
And there find Wm H. Abbott, who,
With his sharp eyes, will run you through,
The critter works at beating gold
For Wm. Leach, as I am told;
And Uncle Sam's Postmaster will
Please introduce you unto Bill."

Scene.—The Castle on Fire.—Bob Handy.—Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir Abel.—Tis'nt mixed.

Bob.—Where's your fire escape?

Sir A.—Tis'n fixed.

Bob.—Where's your patent fire engine?

Sir A.—On the road.

Bob.—What's to be done?

Sir A.—I don't know. Stay Bob, I have it.—Perhaps it will go out of itself.

Epigram.—An old gentleman of the name of Gould married a girl of nineteen. He wrote a letter to one of his friends, informing him of the happy event, with this couplet:—

"So you see, my dear friend, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

He received a reply in these terms:

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without *U*."

Latest Absence of Mind Case.—We have been told that a lady dropped herself into the post office instead of the letter, and did not discover the mistake until the clerk asked her whether she was single or not.

Carl King's Present to Queen Victoria.—Our readers will remember the account given of the splendid bonnet made, and intended as a present to Queen Victoria, by Carl King, of New York. The New York Herald, in reference to it, says: "the return of the *Great Western* has brought us news of the beautiful bonnet sent by the celebrated Carl King, of New York, to the Queen of England. As soon as the Western reached England, Captain Hosken opened a correspondence with Lord John Russell, Secretary of State for the home department, relative to the Bonnet. His Lordship notified Her Majesty—she wrote a beautiful complimentary letter—the bonnet was sent on to the Queen, and no less than three dozen ladies of the English nobility forwarded back orders and complimentary letters to the celebrated Carl King and his lovely lady, for bonnets of the same style. Carl is a lucky dog! This King has given the Queen a bonnet. The Queen has given the King a smile of approval, and the ladies and the Queen will make this King's fortune."—*Baltimore Sun.*

D. L. McKAY,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he is now ready to attend to receiving and forwarding goods to the interior,

SHIPPING COTTON, *&c.*

He will make liberal advances on all kinds of produce sent him for sale or shipment.

Intending to devote himself exclusively to this business he flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfaction.

Georgetown, S. C., July 18, 1838. 6t:10

CIRCULAR.

The article published below, concerning the new and popular doctrine advanced by the illustrious Goelicke of Germany, cannot fail of exciting a deep and thrilling interest throughout our country.

[Translated from the German.]

LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE,

OF GERMANY,

The greatest of human Benefactors.

Citizens of North and South America.

To LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE, M. D., (Europe,) belongs the imperishable honor of adding a NEW and PRECIOUS DOCTRINE to the Science of Medicine—a doctrine which, though vehemently opposed by many of the faculty, (of which he is a valuable member,) he proves to be as well-founded in truth as any doctrine of Holy Writ—a doctrine, upon the verity of which are suspended the lives of millions of our race, and which he boldly challenges his opposers to refute, viz: *Consumption is a disease always occasioned by a disordered state of Vis Vitæ (or Life Principle) of the human body: often secretly lurking in the system for years before there is the least complaint of the lungs—and which may be as certainly, though not so quickly, cured, as a common cold or a simple headache.* An invaluably precious doctrine this, as it imparts an important lesson to the *apparently healthy* of both sexes, teaching them that this insidious foe may be an unobserved inmate of their "clayey houses" even while they imagine themselves secure from its attacks, teaching them that THE GREAT SECRET IN THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH IS TO PLUCK OUT THE DISEASE WHILE IN THE BLADE, AND NOT WAIT TILL THE FULL GROWN EAR.

This illustrious benefactor of man is also entitled to your unfeigned gratitude, and the gratitude of a world, for the invention of his MATCHLESS SANATIVE,—whose healing fiat may justly claim for it such a title, since it has so signally triumphed over our great common enemy ☞ CONSUMPTION, both in the first and last stages,—a medicine which has thoroughly filled the *vacuum* in the Materia Medica, and thereby proved itself the CONQUEROR OF PHYSICIANS—a medicine, for which all mankind will have abundant cause to bless the beneficent hand of a kind Providence,—a medicine, whose wondrous virtues have been so glowingly portrayed even by some of our clergy, in their pastoral visits to the sick chamber; by which means they often become the happy instruments of changing despondency into hope, sickness into health, and sadness of friends into joyfulness.

GOELICKE'S

MATCHLESS SANATIVE,

a medicine of more value to man than the vast mines of Austria, or even the united treasures of our globe,—a medicine, which is obtained *equally* from the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms, and thus possesses a THREE-FOLD power,—a medicine, which, though designed as a remedy for consumption solely, is possessed of a mysterious influence over many diseases of the human system,—a medicine which begins to be valued by *Physicians*, who are daily witnessing its astonishing cures of many whom they had resigned to the grasp of the INSATIABLE GRAVE.

DOSE of the Sanative, for adults, one drop; for children, a half drop; and for infants, a quarter drop; the directions explaining the manner of taking a half or a quarter drop.

PRICE—Three and one-third rix dollars* ($2,50) per HALF OUNCE.

* A German coin, value 75 cents.

A brief history of the immortal Experimenter, who has sacrificed a large property and nearly *six years* of mental and bodily toil upon the altar of human benevolence, must be fraught with thrilling interest to the Western as well as Eastern World. He is a kinsman of Dr. ANDREW OFFON GOELICKE, the well known author of the "Historia Medicinæ Universalis," who gained a great reputation throughout Germany, in the commencement of the last century, by zealously advocating the doctrines of the eccentric Dr. STAHL. Having lost his father by Consumption, Goelicke was left with a large estate. Fortunate for us, and fortunate for generations yet unborn, his polar star was the good of his fellow men,—and he "vowed, in the name of the Being who made him, that he would spend his last shilling and his life with it, ere he would stop short of the discovery of the CAUSE and CURE of that dreadful disease which had torn from him a beloved parent."

The lofty spirit of Goelicke was chafed by the too just reproach cast upon the healing art, that "its imbecility and ignorance serve but to court and foster disease,"—and his aspiring soul would not permit him to grovel on with the great mass of physicians, in the dim twilight of medical knowledge.—"What!" said he, "has the God of nature been more provident for the earthly reptiles that crawl at our feet, than for the noblest of his creation, Man? Has he not kindly provided an antidote to the maladies even of the *hateful toad*, in the very leaf that was designed as its shelter from the storm? Dare we, then, impiously charge our Maker with a WANT OF FORESIGHT? Heaven forbid!"

Being fully persuaded of the existence of a sovereign remedy for Consumption, then undiscovered, this giant-minded philosopher and experimenter commenced ransacking the three kingdoms of nature, vegetable, animal and mineral, and, with the key of chemistry in hand, unlocked her sacred archives. Not satisfied with surveying the beautiful exterior of her triune temple, this zealous chemist made a bold entrance into the inner courts; and there, directed by the Great Chemist of the Universe, obtained from NATURE'S MEDICINE CHEST his Matchless Sanative.

Dr. HERMAN ETMULLER, and two other of our most eminent physicians (whose testimonials will be found annexed to this prospectus) publicly acknowledge its mighty efficacy in curing not only Consumption, but other fearful maladies which they have heretofore believed incurable. They frankly confess, that it is the most unaccountable in its action of any medicine ever yet prepared by human hands.

Such is the demand for this mighty health restorer in Germany, that Mr. Anthony Strumer, one of our booksellers, sold, in *one month*, 147 phials, being more than six packages; Mr. E. P. Manhattan, 128; Mr. James Sevier, inn keeper, 105; and not a single agent, who has made returns of money to the depository, has sold less than 100 per month, since he received his appointment.

An association of gentlemen, with Mr. Manhattan at its head, and comprising twenty agents, recently offered Goelicke $40,000 for the ORIGINAL RECIPE for preparing the Sanative, but this was refused.

Mr. Manhattan has cause to prize this medicine, since one of his daughters, whom Dr. Van Gaunt attended in a long sickness, and whom he acknowledged to be in a "confirmed consumption," has been perfectly cured by using only "three quarters of a phial." Also, a young man, who was formerly a clerk in his store, and who had, for several years, been subject to fits, was restored to uninterrupted health, on taking *less than half a phial*. Several other very important cures have been disinterestedly reported to the public by the before-named physicians, since their conversion to the Vis Vitæ doctrine, as will be seen by their annexed testimonials.

Of most medicines before the public, the patient is directed to "take five or six bottles, and if these do not cure, persevere in the use of ten, or even fifteen;" but not so with the Matchless Sanative.

It is here worthy of remark, that in almost every instance where cures have been wrought by this remedy, *less* than a phial has removed the disease—and, in no case, whether resulting fatally or successfully, has a patient used two whole phials.

The Sanative is above all estimate, as a general preventive of CONTAGIOUS DISEASES,—and by many it is said to be a never-failing antidote, though the inventor does not clothe it with such infallibility.

Masters of vessels, who may wish to furnish themselves and their crews, each with a phial of it, can obtain the article of my agents; at 8 per cent. discount by the package.

All persons who live in unhealthy climates, whether hot or cold,—all operatives and others connected with manufactories, and all who lead sedentary and inactive lives, are exposed to various insidious maladies, which may be silently preying upon their constitutions while their countenances wear the glow of health, and while they "suspect no danger nigh"—maladies which an *occasional use* of the Sanative would check in the bud.

The patient, while using this medicine, should eat and drink (in kind, not quantity) whatever the APPETITE dictates, and not be compelled to force down, *against nature*, every medley which the tenderest friends and kindest nurses often imprudently recommend.

NATURE IS THE GREAT PHYSICIAN, (the doctor and nurse only her servants;) and if we would profit by her advice, we must adhere strictly to her infallible recipe. If she order for the patient water, porter, or hock, *obey her*; if she direct fish, fowl, eggs, or a beef-steak, *regard her voice.* In other words, the patient should eat and drink whatever his *appetite craves*, not forgetting to be "temperate in all things."

In burning fevers, mock not the patient's instinctive call for cooling drink, by simply moistening (!) his parched lips; but place by his bed-side a vessel of water, put into his hands a cup, and let him slake his thirst at pleasure. This is reason; this is common sense; this is nature.

TO AGENTS. The General Agent for the Matchless Sanative, in the Western Hemisphere, is Dr. DAVID S. ROWLAND,* BOSTON, in the ancient State of MASSACHUSETTS, NORTH AMERICA. To prevent any *attempt* at counterfeiting, the directions accompanying each package will contain a *private check mark*, made known to the general agent in Boston, who is duly authorized to employ an inspecting agent, at the expense of the depository, to visit occasionally the sub-agents in the different sections of the country.

It was deemed absolutely necessary by the inventor, that the general agent in America, should be a gentleman acquainted with medicine; but while said agent has power to create additional agencies, in any town or city whenever he shall think proper, he has it in charge not to appoint either *druggists* or *apothecaries* as *agents*, and consequently this medicine will *not* be for sale at their stores.

As Goelicke does not wish the reputation of this remedy in America to depend upon the cases herein reported, but upon its own merits alone, he is perfectly willing, nay, *he asks it as a favor*, that publishers of newspapers, throughout the whole country, will throw open their columns to PHYSICIANS, for the free admission of all their argumentative communications (over real names) which they may offer *against* the validity of the new doctrine.

In regard to the SANATIVE, the public will probably prefer to make actual *trial* of its worth, rather than rely upon what may be said of it, either by its friends or its foes. Not being at all desirous of a *certificate reputation* abroad, the inventor would not have consented that the following cases should have been published, had not the annexed testimonial, which corroborates the facts, have been so kindly and unsolicitedly presented to him, by three of our most distinguished physicians, who were, till very recently, his BITTEREST OPPOSERS. Having designed his medicine as an antidote to only *one disease*, he could not have believed that it possesses such a controlling power over the human system, were not the cases here given, attested to by gentlemen, who were individually knowing to the facts, and whose veracity no one will presume to call in question, viz: 28 of Incipient and Confirmed Consumption; 9 Palsey; 13 Fits; 21 Venereal; 5 Dropsy; 3 Insanity; 1 Emaciation; 15 Indigestion; 7 Pleurisy; 3 Gout; 14 Piles; 9 Dysentery; 6 Gravel and Stranguary; 2 Diabetes; 15 Rheumatism; 5 Spine Complaint; 7 Rickets; 12 Jaundice; 1 Partial Deafness; 17 Nervousness; 8 Ague; 35 Weak Lungs and Spitting of Blood; 3 Delirium Tremens; 7 Heartburn; 18 Vertigo and Headache; 12 Loss of Appetite and Debility; 4 Liver Complaint; 32 Obstinate Coughs and Colds; 9 Asthma; 23 Diseases of the Eyes; 6 St. Anthony's Fire; 10 Disturbed Sleep and Watchings; 2 Cancer; 11 Ringworms; 8 Ulcer and Fever Sores; 9 Wind in Stomach and Bowels; 5 Hypochondriac; 10 Night Sweats; 6 Strains; 13 Scurvy; 12 Scald Heads; 4 Carbuncled and Pimpled Face; 9 Leprosy; 6 Tic Douloureux; 1 Poisoned; 4 Sickness in Pregnancy; 3 Tumors; and many difficult female complaints; besides numerous cases of Humors, Fevers, &c.

All persons whom the Sanative shall save from threatening disease, are particularly desired to communicate their cases (post paid) to the depository.

* 188 Washington Street.

† † † † † † † † † †

A certificate from three members of the MEDICAL PROFESSION, in Germany, in Europe.

We, the undersigned, practitioners of medicine in Germany, are well aware that, by our course, we may forfeit the friendship of some of the faculty, but not of its benevolent members, who are uninfluenced by selfish motives. Though we shall refrain from an expression of our opinion, either of the soundness or unsoundness of Dr. Goelicke's *new doctrine*, we are happy to say that we deem his Sanative too valuable not to be generally known—for what our eyes behold and our ears hear, we must believe.

We hereby state, that when Dr. Louis Offon Goelicke first came before the German public, as the pretended discoverer of a new doctrine and a new medicine, we held him in the highest contempt, believing and openly pronouncing him to be a base imposter and the prince of quacks But, on hearing so much said about the Sanative, against it and for it, we were induced, from motives of curiosity merely, to make trial of its reputed virtues upon a number of our most hopeless patients; and we now deem it our bounden duty (even at the expense of our self-interest) publicly to acknowledge its efficacy in curing not only consumption, but other fearful maladies, which we have heretofore believed to be incurable. Our contempt for the discoverer of this medicine was at once swallowed up in our utter astonishment at these unexpected results; and, as amends for our abuse of him, we do frankly confess to the world, that we believe him a philanthropist, who does honor to the profession and to our country, which gave him birth.

The recent adoption of this medicine into some of our European hospitals is a sufficient guaranty that it performs all its promises. It needed not our testimony, for wherever it is used, it is its own best witness.

HERMAN ETMULLER, M. D.
WALTER VAN GAULT, M. D.
ADOLPHUS WERNER, M. D.

Germany, Dec. 10, 1836.

† † † † † † † † † †

[It appears by the following information given to the public by Dr. Rowland, that the much talked of Matchless Sanative is indeed what it professes to be—an effectual and valuable medicine, worthy the serious attention of every consumptive person and the *sick generally.*]

Matchless Sanative.

DAVID S. ROWLAND, the General American Agent for this mighty medicine, (invented by the immortal Goelicke of Germany,) has great pleasure in publishing the following highly important letter from a respectable gentleman in New York, which he has received, with many others of a similar character—also very interesting intelligence from several of his Agents, as will be seen below—which, together with the certificate from three eminent German physicians, must forever establish the character of the Sanative as being without a parallel in the history of medicine.

TESTIMONY No. 1.

A Letter from H. F. Sherwood, Esq., of New York.

† † † † † † † †

NEW YORK, Oct. 9, 1837.

DR. D. S. ROWLAND,—Sir: About the middle of July last, I accidently noticed in a newspaper the advertisement of the Matchless Sanative for which I perceived you were agent, and which professed to be a sovereign remedy for Consumption.

As my wife was then fast wasting away with this dreadful disease, and as our family physician was daily and anxiously endeavoring to restore her to health without success, I stepped over to his house, and asked him if he had any objections to her taking this medicine. He replied that "he was perfectly willing Mrs. Sherwood should take that of any other medicine she might choose, but he thought it could do her no good, as *her lungs were rapidly consuming, and no human means could save her.*" Still, the Sanative, being recommended by three physicians who had used it in their practice, she concluded to give it a trial. I sent and purchased a phial, which she commenced taking three times a day, giving a free indulgence to her appetite according to the directions. By pursuing this course, *she suffered considerably for the first eight or ten days*, but was shortly able to eat and drink freely, without the least inconvenience.

Within four weeks from her first using the medicine, her feeble health and wasted form began to put on new strength, and she has been gaining from day to day until the present moment, to the utter astonishment of our family physician and friends. She is now enjoying a comfortable (though not perfect) state of health, is able to be about house and attend church.

Mrs. Sherwood and myself are both fully of opinion, and so are all who know her remarkable case, that *she owes her life to the Sanative alone:* and as there are probably many consumptive persons in the United States, who have not yet *heard* of this medicine, measures ought speedily to be adopted to have it more generally known.

A number of persons in our neighborhood, I understand, are taking it for other serious complaints, with very great benefit.

I think of going to the South, with my family, sometime this fall, and in case I do, I will proclaim the virtues of the Sanative in that quarter; for although some of the Physicians here are actively opposed to it, I do sincerely believe it saved my wife from an opening grave.

If you think this letter will serve the public good, you are at liberty to publish it.

Respectfully, &c.
H. F. SHERWOOD.

TESTIMONY No. 2.

[*From the Brunswick Advertiser.*]

"One person in our village, who was considered by his physician to be in a *Consumption*, has taken the *Sanative*, and is now well. Another person, subject to epileptic fits, has been *greatly benefitted* by a short course of this medicine. There can be no question but this medicine has performed wonderful cures in a host of cases, and that it is worthy of general attention.

TESTIMONY No. 3.

The Matchless Sanative.—By an article in our paper to-day, it will be seen that this medicine has lost none of its virtues by crossing the Atlantic—for it appears to be working similar cures in America to those which have astonished Europe.

[*Boston Morning Post.*

POSTSCRIPT

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

BETWEEN

"PHYSICIANS & the MATCHLESS SANATIVE."

1. Why are some of the American Physicians making such strong efforts to PUT DOWN the Matchless Sanative? Let the public answer.

2. Why did the German Physicians at first OPPOSE Dr. Goelicke, and afterwards acknowledge him to be a great benefactor to mankind? Let the public answer.

3. What medicine HAS cured, IS curing, and WILL cure? Let facts answer.

4. What kind of apple trees are STONED and CLUBBED? Let farmers answer.

5. Why are physicians constantly PELTING the Sanative and saying nothing against OTHER medicines? Let their day-book answer.

6. How did Dr. Adams attempt to convince Mr. Webster, who had bought a phial of the Sanative for a member of his family, that it was a DANGEROUS medicine? Let one of the daily papers answer. 'The recent experiment which Dr. Adams tried with the Matchless Sanative in giving a large dose to a dog *without killing him*, clearly proves that the Sanative was made to CURE and not to KILL.'

7. Why do some physicians SECRETLY buy the Sanative and MIX it with their own medicines, which they use in their daily practice? Answer—that they may have the CREDIT of the CURES.

8. Why is a sick young man belonging to one of the first families in Boston, now using the Sanative without letting the attending physician KNOW it? The recovery of his HEALTH will shortly answer.

6. Why are physicians trying to persuade agents to give up SELLING the Sanative? Answer—they known, if it should be for sale in every town in America, they would be obliged to resort to SOME OTHER BUSINESS or else STARVE.

10. Why will the Matchless Sanative soon be the ONLY medicine used throughout the world? Let PHYSICIANS answer.

11. Why did a certain physician try to HIRE an Editor of a paper to write against the Sanative? Let his CONSCIENCE answer.

The above precious medicine (the original discovery of Dr. LOUIS O. GOELICKE, of Germany,) is for sale, wholesale and retail, in Boston, by D. S. ROWLAND, General American Agent for the discoverer, where numerous letters, certifying the good effects of the medicine, may be seen.

Also, for sale by retail, in most of the towns in America.

☞ In places where there is no Agent, the Postmaster or any Storekeeper who shall write to the General Agent at Boston, will immediately be appointed an agent.

For sale at the Post Office, Fallstown, Iredell county, N. C.

JNO. YOUNG, Agent.

August 17, 1838. 3m